THE Knight Adventurer:

OR,

The Infamous and Abominable History of that Terrible, Troublesome and Vain-glorious Knight

Sir FIREDRAKE:

Shewing all the Passages of his Unvaliant, Couragious, and Knight-Arrant-Villainous Feats of Arms.

Translated by himself out of *Welsh-Irish*, into *Town-English*, because hee did not understand the Language.

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TO

The Right Worshipfool, Honourable, Right Royal, Noble, Puissant, most Excellent, Arrogant, and Notorious Warrier, Collonel, Captain, Lieutenant, Sergeant, Corporal, Musketeiro Bouncer.

I dedicate these my strange, happy, and unfortunate Adventures.

Terrible Sir,

I Dare not question but that you have read the famous story of our Brother *Man-Devil*, and shook hands with many of his Baboons, danc'd a Scotch Horn-pipe with his Dragons, & taught many of his Cat-a-mountains to play of the Virginals; but all this is from the purpose, the story I am to relate is more wonderful, and (most) as true (if not altogether.) Were *St. George* now living, I could teach him twenty wayes to cut up a Dragon, and instruct famous *Guy* of *Warwick*, twice as many waies to *Corbonado* a dun Cow; and with another sword that I have, he should kill *Colbrand* the Gyant with a *Poddgun*, though Captain *Drake*

was a brave fellow for the Sea, and could swim like a fish, yet 'tis well known to most of the valiant Dutch-men, that I can drink like a fish; and though he could bore a hole in the side of a ship, I can pierce one in the head of a Kilderkin, and in fire-work I have as much skill as he, my nose shall make it good, which did but drop once into a barrel of Gun-powder, and it blew up a whole Leagure, but I must confess such a fire-work hath cost many a man his whole estate, and so it did mine; but what hath any man to do with my nose, my name is *Firedrake*; nay I have an unmerciful name, for my name is called *Water Firedrake*, and all the world knows fire and water are unmerciful Elements, then sure I think the Sea Captains must confess mee the better Drake, in respect I am as well for fire as water, and beleeve the man that kills mee were as good run thorow fire and water, for he shall find mee then a *Man-Drake*; but leaving this long Epistle, I will proceed to the adventures of him

That is your most obedient Servant
cut your throat, or your frien
whatsoever you shall command h

Walter Firedr

The Knight Adventurer:

OR,

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The first Adventure.

IT was about the year two thousand eight hundred ninety ten, when Will Summers was Lord Mayor of Golding-Lane, and Tarleton was his Sword-bearer, that I, and half a score Knights more that shal be nameless, because I think they were never christened, march'd forth the five and thirtieth day of December, to a dangerous, dismal, terrible and frightful desert, known by the name of Black-Heath, where we met with a monstrous Gyant, called by men that knew him Butcherino, with a great Club in's neck, and a long piece of Iron by his side at his girdle, on which he often whets his bloody knife, when he commits Lamb-slaughter,

ter, and it ſeems he had bẽn upon ſome adven-
ture; for hẽ had conquered ſome nine or ten
wilde beaſts, which roared and bellowed as if
it had bẽn thunder; their skins were all black,
and each of them upon their monſtrous heads
two mighty hornes, only one little wilde beaſt,
with a white face; I think they call'd him Eſ-
ſex, he had no hornes, and when hẽ eat, his
jawes went awry, as if they had bẽn practizing
to ſing Prick-long; but he had a very ſmall
voice; I did no ſooner mẽt this aforeſaid Gyant
Butcherino, but I came behinde him, and gave
him ſuch a clap on the pate, that I made him
ſhake his hẽls without muſick, which when a
terrible wilde beaſt he had by him, that uſes to
kẽp his houſe, whoſe name was Balle, ſaw me
ſo confound his Maſter Butcherino, he flyes
upon mẽ with open mouth, and catches holt
of one of my hinde quarters; and had it not
bẽn for the Knights, I think he had torn me
ſufficiently; away run all the wilde beaſts, and
in concluſion, we did not take Butcherino's
life, but rat'd him of a burthen of ſome foure
pounds he had in his pocket; having thus tane
hen away his Treaſure, wẽ left him bound
hand and foot, and with little loſſe of blood
came off fairly, with this adventure; ſo we
went ſome ten miles further, and equally
ſhared the Treaſure of Butcherino amon-

us, and this was the end of my braue and first valiant Aduenture, and now I shall go forward to the next, if your patience will giue me audience,

The second Aduenture shewesh how hee and his Comrogues assaulted the thatched Castle of *Farmar-ello*, and how they escaped.

THe Treasure being spent, which we by our valour and prowesse purchased from Butcherino, in spight of Balls teeth, ere we had walked some ten and twenty miles, we lost a fair and well beloued Damozella, whose name was Pecunia, which we before had stolne from Usurero King of Manypence; the Maid being gone, we were all mightily dismaid; yet meeting at the last with a Squire of low degree, whose name was Beggarillo, a seruant to the Maunding Knight of the Clappdish, a very able Knight, and one that never goes without a thousand peeces about him (though he never woze purse or pockets) who had alwaies a Rampant Monster at his commaund, called Louse-Crackero, and the Palfry he rid upon was Flea-bitten; the aforesaid Squire (belonging to this Knight) said, he could tell us tydings of our great losse the Lady Pecunia, which when we demanded, he declared to me,

into my Com-Ruskal, Rob in High-way, the relation in this manner.

The Speech of Beggarillo to the Knights.

YOu puissant Knights, and unbeloved Warriers, who scorn to fight on equal terms with any man, for you think he is not worthy to combate with you that is not an abler man (I mean in purse good Knights) for which cause you are alwaies supposed to be noble and valiant, because you relieve the weaker side; Arthurs Knights were of the Order of the Round Table: The Knights of Malta, of the Order of the Red-Cross, but you of the Disorder of the high-way: You are the Knights that keep men from many ill dices: A traveller that meets with you shall not be drunk that night, lye with his Hostis's daughter, or lose his money at Tables: Like wise you ease him of many vexations, for when he parts from you, he hath not a Crosse about him; you have an excellent way to keep him from swearing (I mean some oaths that many swear against your will in the Kingdome) which are these (by the cross of this six-pence; or, I wish this silver were melting in my guts) Then if he cannot swear these oaths, I am sure the Tapster will not give him leave to swear these oaths; would this

this drink may be my poison; or would this bread may choak mee: nay he must not dare to swear (so gently as a Welchman) by this Cheese. And now I have given you your noble titles, I will discover to you where your Damosel the Lady Pecunia is, therefore I pray give good ear to mee.

The Description.

Just at the foot of the next steepy hill,
There lives a Giant (if it be thy will)
Between 2 fields, one green, the other yellow,
This Giant dwells, whose name is *Farmarello*,
About his fields his servants all are plyant,
And just before the Castle of this Giant
There stands a *Fort*, which he doth call *Dispatch*
The *walls* are *board*, the *roof* is *English thatch*,
Within this *Fort* he doth his *Mad-men* keep,
One with a long *Broom* all the *Fort* doth sweep;
Two others do with cudgels, they call *Flails*,
Lay on, as they had *Nettles* in their tails,
Not on each other, 'tis the Giants Law,
That they lye all day long a beating straw,
Which is no sooner beaten, but there comes
A rank of wild beasts without Fifes or Drumms
Doth bring in more (& they are driven thence
By names I nere read in my Accidence:)

I think I can remember what they be;
Ball, Pit-ball, Villiar, Sorrel, Gee, Ho, Ree.
Before the *Fort*, and at the righter hand
Doth monstrous *Racks*, and many *horn-beasts*
And in this *Farmarello's* house I wis (stand
Your *Damozella* fair *Pecunia* is,
But have a care; you'l enter on your danger,
Beware the beasts that lye at *Rack* & *Manger*.

Thus the Courteous Squire Beggarillo delivered to us where we might atchieve again the beauty of the fair Pecunia (which in English is called Madam Mony) ere we got to the foot of the hill it was midnight, and coming néer the house of this massy Gyant Farmarello; we heard the roaring and mowing of his beasts, the fluttering of his Eagles, the mewing of his house-trap, the snorting of his servants, the snéezing of his Maidens; no light appeared in the house, and (a Pox take them) I heard two of Balls kindred grumbling of Logick together; but they were in two little Block-houses, which in English you call Kennels, I am sure every straw appeared unto mée like a péece of Ordnance (I cry you mercy, I have a little forgot my self) I could not sée indéed, 'cause it was midnight, but I am sure I thought I saw the straws; well, for all this, what we could not do by violence, we did by pollicy, so we put our

our unhappy Squire in at Farmarello's window, where he most softly (as he hath a rare Art that way) crept up to th' Chamber where the Gyant lay snoring by his Gyantess Dousabella; and putting his hand into the Gyant's pocket, hee took the keyes out, found out the Prison where Pecunia was lodg'd, opens the window, and throws her with the rest of her kindred Mris. Argent, and Mris. Aurum out into our Arms, for they had been kept in a great deal of slavery, and put into Canvasse-baggs, instead of Black-baggs; When our Squire had thus released the Ladies, as he was coming down softly Farmarello's staires, hee fell down, and broke his legg (and broke the neck of a Proverb too, which saies, hee that goes softly, goes safely) off went a Canon (shot by Farmarello) up rose the Kitchen-wench with the Spit, Squire Tom with a Ladle, Hob Carter with a Whip, Tim Thrashwell with a Flayl, Dousabella with a Distaff, out flew Ball and his Nephew with Cloggs at their Arses, away run we with the Ladies at our Arses; they cryed, stop Theeves, wee cryed run Knights; but Rob-in High-way mistaking the Road, run himself into a Mill-pond; one of Farmarello's servants being betwixt sleeping and waking, in earnestnesse to apprehend him, fell after him, at last all the rest of us escaped, but

but went all several wayes, onely I kept the Road some twenty miles together, and at the next Town caused my Lady Pecunia to buy me a horse to follow adventures: the next chapter you shall see an end of me.

My last Adventure, wherein is declared the pursuit of the Gyant *Farmarello*, how hee sent forth his men of War; and how strangely I was taken Prisoner.

After this our strange escape from the dismal Gyant Farmarello, which made us all disperse, I with my Lady Pecunia by my side, continued on the Road until I came unto a Town (which is now out of my remembrance there at my friend Tapsterino's Castle, my Lady and I had entertainment, where I bought mee an horse of his Squire Ostlero, but when I had sollaced my self all night with my Lady Pecunia, I resolved the next day to ride upon more Adventures, but so soon as ever I was mounted on my Palfry, I had tydings brought mee by Beggarillo, that one of Farmarello's Knights, that was a Dutchman, whose name was Hue an cry, Van Hang an draw, with another Knight and an English man, whose name was Constabello, with a band of armed men called Officero's, that followed

lowed to surprize us for the Ladies, which the Squire that broke his legg confessed I had carried away, and withall gave him notice of all our names; I no sooner heard this news, but the Gyants Knights were in sight of mee, upon that I set spurres to my Palfry, and fled from them, for I knew there was no contending against so many able Knights: so away rid I, they after mee crying, stop theef: Upon these words, a Squire that met mee, offered to lay hold on my Bridle, for which cause I knock'd him down, and still continued my speed: after that, two more met mee, and would have stopped mee, had I not rid over one, and knocked down the other: Thus I perceiving how generally envious the Country was against mee (because prevention is the part of pollicy) I resolv'd to knock down every man I met or over-tak, before they should have warning to apprehend mee, or after I was past them, to tell the Gyants Knights which way I rode; a man would have thought this had been a pretty peece of pollicy, but it happened to be my ruine, for after I had gotten the start of the pursuers some three or four miles, I might have turned which way I would, and never have been discovered; for I did not meet one man in the riding a dozen miles together; at last who should I overtake

but

but a tall fellow in a Canvasse Frock, with a Whip in his hand driving of Palfreys, that drew a Cart or Wagon after them; and for fear this fellow should surprize mee (which I dare swear ne're harboured a thought of me) I came behinde him, and with my French Club, call'd Battoone, I aim'd to strike him full on the head, and afterward to turn out of the Road, but it happened by being too eager, I miſsed his head, and he received the blow on his shoulder, but hee feeling the smart of so sudden and violent a stroak, as suddenly turns about with his Whip that way the blow came, and by strange chance twined his Whip-cord some four or five times about my neck, and snatching hastily his Whip again, to give mee the second lash, hee drew mee off my Palfry, and in the middle of the high-way beat mee, till the Knights that rid in pursuit of mee came and attached mee for the Lady Pecunia, whom I offered to them, but they would not receive her, so I and my Lady was bound hand and foot, and brought to London, the place from whence I first set forth; there was I laid in a Castle called by name Newgate, where I found many more wandring Knights; amongst them, who should I meet with but Rob-in High-way, hee that upon the escape fled into the Mill-pond (I ever thought hee

was

was not born to be drown'd) after some certain daies wee were condemned to be rack'd to death on a three legg'd horse, but my Lady Pecunia, because shee suffered her self so easily to be taken away, was in shameful manner pluck'd limb from limb, and devided by the Keeper of the Castle, and his Officers.

Thus it appear'd by cruel fate,
My adventrous Warrant was out of date;
All you that go on such Adventures,
Let the Devil make you better Indentures.

FINIS.

Imprimatur
Tho. Wykes.